*La.*Doeſt grant mee hedgehog,then God grant mee too
Thou maieſt bee damned for that wicked deede:
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. Hee is in Heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
*Glo.*Let him thanke mee that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then Earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but Hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe,if you will heare mee name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward.*
As blamefull as the executioner?
*La.*Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
*Glo.*Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt mee in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekes.
*Glo.*Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhade thy day,and death thy life.
*Glo.*Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature,thou art both.
La. I would I were to bee reuenged on thee.
*Glo.*It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To bee reuenged on him that ſlew my Huſband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy huſband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better huſband.

La.

La. His better doth not b
*Glo.*Go too,he liues that lo
La. Name him.
La. Why what was hee
Glo. The ſelfe ſame name bu
La. Where is hee ?
Glo. Heere.
Why doeſt ſpit at him ?
La. Would it were mortall
Glo. Neuer came poyſon fro
La. Neuer hung poyſon on
Out of my ſight thou doſt in
Glo. Thine eyes ſweete Lad
La. Would they were Baſi
Glo. I would they were, t
For now they kill me with a li
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore
I neuer ſued to frinds nor enem
My tongue could neuer learne
But now thy beauty is propoſd
My proud heart ſues and pron
Teach not my lips ſuch ſcorne,f
For kiſſing Lady not for ſuc
If thy reuengefull heart canno
Loe here I lend thee this ſharp
Which if you pleaſe to hide in
And let the ſoule forth that a
I lay it naked to thy deadly ſ
And humbly beg the death v
Nay,doe not pawſe,twas I that
But twas thy beauty that prou
Nay now diſpatch,twas I tha
But twas thy heauenly face th
Take vp thy ſword againe,or ta
La. Ariſe diſſembler, tho
I will not be the executioner.
*Glo.*Then bid me kill my ſel
La. I haue already.

B

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